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A CHANCE MEETING

BY THE DUCHESS.

(Copyright, 1895, by Irving Bacheller.) (Continued from Friday's Star.)

It is quite half-past eight. The moon that last night was vague and shadowy is now brilliant, lighting up the islands far and near. Lillan, a little out of spirits, though she hardly knows why, has strolled across the road to the Esplanada to take, as she tells herself, a last glance at sweet Glengariff. The place seems deserted, but the hadow of a figure and a faint spark of light on one of the seats near her warn her that she is not the only person present. Fearing it may be Geoffrey, she would have gone in again, but for a voice that

hails her joyfully.
"That you? Come along and sit down," calls Miss Linton. "I detest Letty Linton, solus." Lilian approaches slowly and drops into the seat beside her; a strange curiosity has drawn her.

"Well, how are you and old Geoff get-ting on? What did you do to him when you went out boatin'? He came back like

a thundercloud."

Lilian rises, almost speechless with anger and grief, and the most unconquerable astonishment.

"You don't know what you are saying. You forget yourself," she stammers. She turns to go, but Miss Linton putting out her hand catches her frock and promptly drags her down beside her again.

"I dare say; Jim says I'm always doing that, but I won't forget again. Not another word about Geoff, honor bright. Only don't vex him. I tried that on Jim, you know, and it didn't pay, not a little bit. I was miserable all the time.

Lilian turns.

"Jim! Capt. Westropp? What is he to "In ever answered a riddle in my life," says Miss Linton, genially. "But he's the man I'm going to marry, anyway."
"Capt. Westropp?"
"Yes; why not?"
"But you do not love him?"
"Now, that's what puzzles me." says

"Now, that's what puzzles me." says Miss Linton, cheerfully. "I've known such lots of girls who said they were head over ears in love with people, and yet they showed it in what a queer way, to my



thinking. I don't know if I'm in love with Jim, but I do know that I can't get on without him. I've tried it, you know. Broke it off three times, but always was glad to make it up with him again. Felt sort of lost without him, d'ye see? I don't know if that is being in love, but, anyway, It's good enough for me. By the by, here he comes, and Geoff with him. Hi! Jim, here we are." Jim comes gladly to her call, Geoffrey

Lansdale with him.
"Where is Aunt Bessie?" asks Lillan, addressing Geoffrey. Her tone strikes him as being different, a little nervous, a little

"I passed through the reading room just now; she was writing."
"Indian letters!" says Miss Linton. "All self-respecting chaperons do that. It sounds important, and keeps them out of harm's way. When I'm a chaperon I'm going to add on Australia and the South Sea islands. I shall take the cake as a protector of the young. But what a night! Clearer than day. I should like to go boating tonight."

"Will you come?" says Lansdale, turn-

that new timidity full upon her. "Perhaps to that island over there, and back." Lansdale nods his head. It is he who Lansdale nods his head. It is he who has grown silent now; and no word is spoken by either of them as they glide out and away from the lights of the hotel into the paler, clearer, more mystical light of the moon. The scene round them is, indeed, full of mystery—the mystery of night, and a beauty incomparable. Oh, lovely Glengariff! who that ever has entered your silent kingdom has left you heart whole?

heart whole?

"What are you thinking of?" asks Lilian, softly. His continued silence in her present new mood has become unbearable.
He starts slightly.

"Thinking of? What I should like to give Lativ as a wedding present."

"Thinking of? What I should like to give Letty as a wedding present."
"I thought you were going to give her yourself," says Lilian. She hardly knows what prompted the words, but with them comes a hot flush to her brow, and, forgetful that kindly night hiddes such things within her bosom, she turns aside, and leaning on the boat lets her white fingers trail idly through the water.

leaning on the boat lets her white ilingers trail idly through the water.

"To marry her, you mean? Oh, no; she would bore me," says he, absentiy; and then, as if suddenly repentant, "Not but that she is one of the best girls in the world, and henest as the sun."

"I suppose mest girls are honest," a little resentfully.

"You are not. It is not an honest or straightforward thing to condemn a man

straightforward thing to condemn a man



It is wonderful bow clever a girl gets when she is in love."

unheard, and to make up one's mind be-

detest him."
"I don't detest you," says she faintly.
"It comes to the same thing. Why, you confessed you left home to avoid me."
"There were reasons. confessed you left home to avoid me."

"Yes. But there were reasons. • • •
You know them." Suddenly she turns to him. "Geoffrey!"—she had never called him "Geoffrey" before—"I hope you will change your mind about mamma's invitation. I hope you will come and see—her. It can't, make any difference now, and—"
"Not to you, perhaps. But to me it would."

would."
"To you?" She has drawn her small dripping fingers cut of the water now, and is locking at him with a strange expression.
"I almost swore I'd never tell you," says

he. "But somehow now I should like you to know that I love you."
"Geoffrey"
"Yes, of course. It is the unexpected

"Geoffrey!"

"Yes, of course. It is the unexpected that always happens," says he, in a mocking tone that is full of misery. "There is no earthly reason why I should love you—is there? But you are the only girl I ever wanted to marry, all the same. Of course, you, who have never been in love, cannot understand what I feel; but—"

"You are wrong," interrupts she in a choked little voice: "I, too, am in love."

For a moment there is dead silence.
"You, you!" stammers he. "All this time, then," with terrible reproach, "you were thinking of some one else."

"Oh, no," in a vague whisper.
"You should have told me," says he, sternly, not hearing that soft whisper.
"How could I? Oh, you were the very last that I could tell. How could I have told you?"

She burst into tears.
"What is it?" deseads he access, the

"How could 1? Oh, you were the very last that I could tell. How could I have told you?"

She burst into tears.

"What is it?" demands he, eagerly, tenderly, utterly disarmed by her tears. "Why are you crying? Don't you care for this other fellow, then?"

"Oh, I do. It isn't that!"

"You love him?"

"Yes," with a fresh sob.

"Then why are you so unhappy? If you love him, he must be the luckiest fellow alive, and I only wish to heaven I was in his shoes! Lillian, confide in me. Tell me what is troubling you."

"I can't, I can't, indeed."

"But why?"

"Because—" she covers her face with her hands. "He's—you!"

It is as good an old boat as you could find. Any other old boat might have heeled over on the spot, after Geoffrey's mad spring forward, but this one stands firm.

"You mean it, Lily?"

"I dô; I do, indeed. I was never, never happy until now."

"Then what did you mean by your disgraceful behavior all these past days?"

"I don't know," rubbing her cheek softly against his. "Only there was that money, you know, ard—"

"Oh! you cruel, wicked, darling girl, as if that was of any consequence. But you do love me, my sweetheart?"

"You know it."

"I don't, indeed; you have never given me one yet!"

It is wonderful how clever a girl gets

It is wonderful how clever a girl gets when once she is in love. This remarkable speech, that has apparently no meaning in it, grows plain to her at once.

"She gives him "one" on the spot.
"And you will come home with me to-norrow, Geoffrey?"
"Do you think I could stay away from you?"
This sort of thing might have gone on

until now, but that, at this moment, a clear, brisk voice comes to them across the "Hi, there, spoons! The Indian budget is signed and sealed, and there will be wigs

signed and sealed, and there will be wigs on the green presently."

"That's Letty," says Lilian, starting. "Oh, it must be late. Let us go home at once."

"I suppose we must," says he, reluctantly taking up the oars again.

"Geoff." says Lilian, with a touch of the old mischief in her smile. "I feel somewhat old mischief in her smile, "I feel somewhat of a traitor toward the Foundlings-don't

you?"
"Never mind, we'll send them a big check," says Lansdale, laughing.
(The erd.)

HE NEEDED AN ESCORT.

Have men any right to attend a matine

Tribulations of the Man Who Wont to the Theater Alone. From the Oakland (Cal.) Echo.

without capable female escort? He had never been to a matinee before, and on this occasion found that his seat-at a certain swell theater across the bay, was just beyord those occupied by two young women. He paused doubtfully, while they both looked at him. Then the farther girl began to gather up her hat, her cape, her bundles, a program and a bunch of flowers from his seat. All these things she piled on top of the open box of chocolates on her knee. Then she stood up and he started to pass The second girl seemed inclined to keep her place, but when it was clear that with her place, but when it was clear that with
the best intentions he could not get by her,
she heaved a large sigh, and, clutching the
contents of her lap, rose. Then the box
of chocolates dropped. "It was my fault,"
he murmured, and, getting by her, he knelt
in the narrow space between the rows of
solutions and began to pick up the scattered
chocolates. He gathered most of them, except the three he was kneeling on, and
those he offered to scrape off if she wished.
Meanwhile the girl dropped her opera
glasses on him and stepped on his fingers.
When, finally, they were all seated, she
dropped her program, he went under the
seat for that, and she offered him a chocolate. As he felt sure it was the one he had seat for that, and she offered him a chocolate. As he felt sure it was the one he had taken out of the hair of the woman in tront, he declined. Then she asked him if he had ever read the book from which the play was taken, and all through the next act she told him about it. When it came crying time she found her handkerchief made him an answer, but at all events she follows him down the slip and into a boat. to go out for a drink. She had put her parssol in a new place, and he fell over it in getting out; besides, the vell of the first girl's hat caught on his vest button and he pulled her hat after him. When the girls settled down they said they thought men were awful nuisances at the theater, and then they discussed the discomfort to them-selves that would ensue on his return. He stood up for the rest of the play, and de-clares—this young man does—that if he ever goes to a matinee again he will take his sister for protection.

SHE HAD A GOOD CRY.

And Her Escort Sensibly Let Her Have It Out Without Interfering. From the New York Tribune.

The young woman and her escort had ridion from 50th street to Tarrytown on their wheels. The afternoon was hot and close, and the ride had been a hard one. They were to take the train back to Tarrytown, and this thought had cheered her as she came in sight of each successive hill. But the strain grew worse and worse, and when they reached the railway station she was as near sheer exhaustion as it was possible for a human being to be. Some women would have fainted-there was ample excuse for it-but this one didn't. She drop-

ped from her wheel, sat on the platform and started in for a good cry.

Her companion showed rare good sense.

Perhaps most men would have told her to stop, and some would have said she was a fcol. But this man took it as if she were fcol. But this man took it as if she were doing the most ordinary thing in the world. He said not a word to her, and merely looked angrily at the people whose curlosity ied them to gaze at his weeping companion. It wasn't long before her sobbing grew softer. She wiped the tears from her eyes, and the smile which lighted her face was like a burst of sunshine after a shower. "It was very silly of me," she said, "but I just really couldn't help it. I feel all right

now."
"It was the most sensible thing you could have done," he replied. "I should not have allowed you to push on so fast on such a

Wandering Philadelphian Identified From the Philadelphia Record.

A prominent up-town man tells a story on himself. He says: "I was in Chicago a short time ago, and, knowing that I would receive through the post office a money order within the next day or two, went around to the post office to identify myself to them in advance. I am expecting a money order to the amount of -I said to the clerk in that division; 'and my name is —.' I showed him some letters addressed to me from other parts. 'Now,' I continued, 'if I am not the man I claim to be I must have killed him, and am now impersonating him.' The clerk I claim to be I must have killed him, and am now impersonating him.' The clerk laughed, but I could see, I thought, visions of more Holmes murders were floating through h mind. Well, the order came on time, and when I called to get the money the same cierk was at the desk. He took one look at me, sized me up, and without more ado counted out the money and handed it to me, saying: 'Oh, ves: you're handed it to me, saying: 'Oh, yes; you're the fellow who murdered the man.'"

Solomon and the Fool. From Truth.

One day Solomon and a fool were walk

ing together.
"Solomon," said the fool, "why is it you never talk?" "Fool," said Solomon, "that I may listen

to other people's wisdom."
And then, after a pause, "But why is it you always talk?"
"That other people, I suppose," quoth the feol, "may listen to my wisdom."
Whereat Solomon held his tongue and went home thoughtfully.

A CURRENCY SOLVENT

Charles Francis Adams Gives Expression to Characteristic Ideas.

BUSINESS COMMUNITY NOT CONGRESS

What He Thinks of the Venality of Public Men.

OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM

(Copyright, 1895, by George Grantham Bain.)

R. CHARLES
Francis Adams does Francis Adams does not figure in the as he did in those of a few years ago, when he was president of railway and actively interested in public affairs. Mr. Adams devotes his time and attention now exclusively to the management of his own

business. He has large investments in real estate in the west-particularly in Kansas City-and he is a heavy owner of improved real estate in the city of Boston. The management of this property consumes all of the time which Mr. Adams cares to give to affairs, and he devotes none of his thoughts politics or government beyond taking that interest in them which every observe and student in public or private life must take. Mr. Adams says that he is not only not an active figure in public life, but not even a looker-on in public matters. "When a man gets to my time of life," he said to me the other day in his office in Boston, "he begins to feel that he is out of the

"he begins to feel that he is out of the game. The active period of my life was war tirae. I feel now as though I had gone through the mill. I have not an opinion to express on public questions."

Mr. Adams takes a decided philosophical view of life, and especially of public affairs. He measures men and matters by a changed standard, looking back on the experiences of a busy lifetime. The hero is no longer quite the hero to him; the statesman is often a plain politician in his eyes. Before I met Mr. Adams I was informed by one who knows him that he was "too good for this life; but he certainly does not consider the part of the world which is celgood for this life; but he certainly does not consider the part of the world which is celebrated in the daily newspapers quite as good as it is generally accepted to be.

It was reported in Boston not very long ago that Mr. Adams had taken up what the east considers the heresy of silverthat he had become an advochte of free coinage. His interest in western properties would naturally give Mr. Adams a certain sympathy with western ideas, but hardly to the point of accepting the free coinage theory as the solvent of the financial difficulties of the people of the United States. I asked him if he was really a convert to silver.

The Currency Question. "The currency question," he said in reply, speaking with deliberation, "is alto-gether too great and complicated a question for me to undertake to solve. It is a question of extraordinary magnitude, involving the commercial prosperity of the whole world. To comprehend it a man must be possessed of a vast store of knowledge. Here are Asia and India and Mexico with one currency system, and the rest of the world with another. The world must come in time to a uniform system. It is impossible for the nations of the earth doing business with each other to go on indoing business with each other to go on indefinitely under two systems of currency,
fluctuating constantly. It makes too much
speculation. The problem, then, is what
system shall be adopted universally. To
solve this problem a man must be familiar
with the commercial relations of Japan
and China, their contracts with European
rations, and so on; and with the details of
the commercial relations of other nations.
He must have a universal knowledge of
things which comparatively few people understand. I realize this, and so do not understand. I realize this, and so do not understand to propose a solution of the currency question. I have had leanings both
ways, and for that reason I doubt my own
judgment."

judgment.' I suggested that Mr. Adams, as a stuthe currency problem as well as some public men who were proposing to solve it.
"I understand it better than many of them, perhaps," said Mr. Adams. "I know enough about it to understand how very ignorant I am, while they think they know that I hear the presidents of little banks." it all. I hear the presidents of little

it all. I hear the presidents of little banks around Boston proposing to settle the whole matter on very short notice."

Mr. Adams shook his head when I suggested Senator Jones of Nevada as a man probably better informed on the silver problem than most men.

"I received a copy of his last speech on the silver question," he said, wearily. "It was something less bulky than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, I believe. I did not read it. I doubt if five men who-received it did read it. If Mr. Jones wants to accomplish anything by speech making except filling the columns of the Congressional Globe, he ought to learn to condense his remarks to about one-fifth their length."

Some of Mr. Adams' Dislikes.

Some of Mr. Adams' Dislikes.

I said, with a modest admiration for Senator Jones, born of a professional experience with him, that I had heard him discuss the silver question for two hours at a time, and that he was most eloquent "I don't like men who are eloquent,

"I don't like men who are eloquent," said Mr. Adams, shaking his head in mild protest, "and I don't like men who talk for two hours on one subject."
"Do you believe that any man possesses that universal knowledge which is required for a complete understanding of the matter," I said, "or do you believe that the problem will have to settle itself by degree?" "I doubt it any man has the knowledge

"I doubt it any man has the knowledge necessary to a complete understanding of the matter," said Mr. Adams. "As to the men in Congress, the most that they can do is to make the settlement of it more difficult. If it could be left to the business community it would settle itself in good time. But Congress will only complicate it. I believe that we would be a great deal betier off without legislation."

"You share the idea of those who think that the fewer laws Congress passes the better."

'It is not taking a very lofty view Congress, but I do. The worst feature our national legislation is that while our national legislation is that while it is difficult enough to pass a law, it is almost impossible to repeal it. I know the difficulty of obtaining congressional action from my experience a few years ago with the Union Pacific railroad and its debt to the government. We hung on for a long time at Washington, thinking that something would be done; but when I look back now I can see plainly that it was always impossible to accomplish anything. Between the corrupt men and the obstinate men—and the latter included the men who wanted to make a record with their conmen—and the latter included the men who wanted to make a record with their con-stituents as being opposed to corporations— both having almost unlimited power of obstruction in their hands, it was impos-sible at any time to have got a bill through

"Did you find much corruption in Congress?" I asked.
"Not so much as I would have expected," said Mr. Adams. "There was some beyond any question. We were approached for money by some men. But I found that these men were purchasable had that reputation very generally."

"Did you find much corruption in Con-

reputation very generally." About Members of Congress. Mr. Adams believes that the form of our government is destructive of all indi-

viduality. "In England," he said to me, "a man may seek election at the hands of any constituency, and a constituency may find the springtime of this year. its representative in any part of the kingdom. In the United States a man must retain the good will of a majority of the voters of a certain party in the perticular district in which he lives. It is difficult for a man of great ability to de this. The most striking instance of the injustice of this system was the case of Carl Schurz, the best equipped and most

independent manilwho has sat in the Senate in more than thirty years. He got into the Senate by a suke, and at the end of a very brilliant term he was retired to private life. If Mr. Schurz had remained in the Senate he would be today. I believe, the most useful aman in public life. In England men like Mr. Schurz have been retired from parliament by the adverse vote of one constituency and returned immediately after by another constituency to fulfill their public mission. Mr. Gladstone, defeated at Oxford, reappears from Liverpeol or Midlothian. Under our system our public men became sooner or later mere party hacks or opportunists. They have their eyes always on their districts and they dodge issues, instead of facing them."

"And what is your remedy for this state of affairs?" I asked.

"Proportional representation," said Mr. Adams. "The chief obstacle to proportional representation today is the obstacle which postponed for so long a time the adoption of the Australian system of balloting. It is supposed to be something complex, something hard to understand. Unfortunately, when, forty years ago, Thomas Hare first brought before the English-speaking race the idea of minority representation, he attempted too much at once. He tried to reduce the thing to practice instead of being satisfied with exposing a gross defect in the existing system. He devised a scheme of balloting so complicated that no one has yet been able to work it out. Since Hare's time the idea of minority representation has grown and many systems have been suggested.

so complicated that no one has yet been able to work it out. Since Hare's time the idea of minority representation has grown and many systems have been suggested. The methods now devised have as their cardinal principles that the voting shall be done from the city at large and the representatives "chosen shall be distributed among the various political bodies or groups. There need be little contonition about the method employed provided it embodies these requirements. We may adopt the limited vote, so called, which allows the citizen to vote for a certain part of the whole number of representatives to be chosen—fifteen out of twenty-one, for instance—and also permits him to cumulate his fifteen votes as he pleases. Or we may have the free list system now in operation in Switzerland and Belgium, which allows voting for party nominations as is done in this country and then apportions the successful candidates among the several parties in proportion to the votes cast by them, taking the required number from those standing highest on their respective party polls. The latter scheme commends itself wholly to my judgment. judgment.

Tribute to Reed.

"The adoption of proportional representa-tion in any form," said Mr. Adams, "would afford the greatest possible scope to indi-vidual action at the polls, and by it the basis of constituency would be changed. It would rest not as now on the accident of residence in a given locality-the same ward-but on the community of political opinion and identical ends in view. Consider what an enormous influence this would give to the intelligent individual voter! How it would bother the ward 'boss!' Voters, now divided up and segregated by artificial lines, are so placed that they can be manipulated by astute political managers to the utmost possible extent. managers to the utmost possible extent. Divide and conquer' is the policy of the professional politician. Under the new system, of course, the machine could concentrate its votes and elect representatives too. But at least the machine would be forced into the open and into a contest on equal terms. The mere enabling of minorities to unite and secure representaequal terms. The mere enabling of mi-norities to unite and secure representa-tion is a vast and obvious improvement in the political condition of those composing minorities."

Speaking of the Reed rules in relation to

Speaking of the Reed rules in relation to the obstruction of legislation, Mr. Adams paid a warm tribute to the Maine man, and I asked him if he supposed Mr. Reed would have the individual support of Mas-sachusetts in the national convention—if he was the candidate of Massachusetts. "Massachusetts has no candidate," said Mr. Adams. "I would say from what I know of the feeling of the people of this state that Massachusetts has not the least

state that Massachusetts has not the least interest in any man. There is no one now whom Massachusetts locks on as she did to Sumner or Andrew. No man occupies their position in the state today. Probably it is because there is no great issue in which the state is interested."

"Not even the free trade question?" I "Not even the free trade question?" I

"Massachusetts cares nothing for free trade," said Mr. Adams. "The moral-re-ligious questions are those which have always interested our people. No such issue presents itself today. When it does, I suppose some men will appear who will represent the people of the state as Sumner did, and as Andrew dil."

I asked Mr. Adams if he found signs

I asked Mr. Adams if he found signs of prosperity in the west, where his business interests largely are.
"There are indications of returning prosperity in the west, as there are all over the country," he said. "There has been no improvement in real estate values yet, but improvement in real estate values, there has been no time for that. Real there has been no time for that times estate is always the first to feel hard times estate is always from them. But and the last to recover from them. But there will be a revival in real estate in the near future, I have no doubt." GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE ALLIGATOR WAS LIVELY.

And the Man Who Had Roon Pumping From the Florida Times-Union.

W. A. Gilbert, the gunsmith, and a party of friends have just returned from a hunting and fishing cruise in Nassau sound in the yacht Fannie, and Mr. Gilbert has good reason to congratulate himself that he is not sleeping the last sleep in the stomach

The 'gator was found one morning dozing on the placid bosom of the sound, only his nose and a part of his head protruding. Mr. Gilbert drew a bead on him. "Crack!" went the gun, and the 'gator half leaped

went the gun, and the 'gator half leaped out of the water. Then he churned it into bloody foam. Mr. Gilbert hurried up to the 'gator and pumped eight more bullets into him. Then the saurian lay still, and Mr. Gilbert concluded that he was dead.

Not caring to lose so fine a trophy, he pulled off his clothes and swam to the 'gator to tie a rope to his tail. He had adjusted the rope nicely, when suddenly, to Mr. Gilbert's surprise and horror, the 'gator wheeled around, with his mouth wide open, and made for his would-be slayer. slayer.

Mr. Gilbert, with remarkable presence of

mind, dived. When he rose to the surface the 'gator spied him again, and on he came at a clipping pace. Mr. Gilbert dived again. Three times the same thing was repeated. At last Mr. Gilbert reached the shore. He was almost winded, and his hair, in spite of the water, stood up straight on end, like the quills of a porcupine.

A NERVY BURGLAR.

He Corrects a Professional Mistake Without Turning a Hair. From the Chicago Journal.

Burglars entered the apartments of Mrs. Kate Calymore in the flat building at 26th and State streets last Sunday afternoon while the family were absent. The thieves secured over \$300 worth of lewelry and \$150 worth of clothing. Among the lot of jew-elry was a pair of diamond bracelets, one of which the thieves dropped in the hall-way in their haste to escape. The bracelet was recovered and returned to Mrs. Calymore. Monday the burglary was reported to the police, and a description of the stolen property was taken, and yesterday afternoon a well-dressed young man called at the Calymore apartments and stated that he was an officer from the central station. His next statement was that the police had recovered what they thought was part of her property, among which was a diamond set bracelet. He desired that he be allowed to take the bracelet lost by the thieves, in order to compare it with the one recovered. Mrs. Calymore obligingly made the loan, but so far the police department has not seen the braceported to the police, and a description of police department has not seen the bracelet. The latter are thoroughly convinced that one of the burglars was the author of a sharp trick to obtain possession of the bracelet they dropped in the hallway, and officers of the 22d street station are working on the case, but without result, so far.

Earning an Honest Penny. From La Gaudriole. Miss Lily nestles familiarly on the lap of a young gentleman who has been paying

his addresses to her big sister all through "Tell me, sir, are you well off?"

HISTORIC BOOKS

A Visit to the Library of the First President.

HOW THE COLLECTION WAS SECURED

Chiefly Valuable Because of the Autographs of the Owner.

PRESERVED WITH CARE

THE VISIT OF THE



great hosts of Knights Templar to Boston in connection with the triennial conclave aroused increased. Interest in its treasures of hisstructures, as well as valuable relics of great men and events. It has been conced ed that no city pos-

sesses in these repects more memorials, original portraits and real souvenirs of Washington than Boston, a fact that proves all the more interesting to the fraternity, as he was a member of the order. Even those who come from Virginia, where he became a member of the first degree before he reached his majority, and where he was master of the lodge that subsequently bore his name, have been surprised to find that Vernon in the most valuable memorial of all-being the possessor of the identical books which formed his library, and which, in large measure, indicated the progress of his thought and pursuit from through his military and political duties as

general and President.

When the writer of this article was shown through the home of Washington at Mount Vernon he found that a prevalent misapprehension existed as to the location of the Washington library, so that Boston falled to receive its due gradit.

cation of the Washington library, so that Boston failed to receive its due credit. "There is the library of Washington," said a guide, pointing to a case containing several hur dred books.
"I thought we had the library of Washington in Boston," was the remark.
The guide, perceiving that he was speaking to a "doubting Thomas" from Boston, paused in his rapid flow of exposition, and subsequently, in a side explanation said to subsequently, in a side explanation, said to

"Yes, it is true that the books that actu ally belonged to Washington are to be seen only in Boston, but as we have the book case here, it was necessary to fill it with books to make an appropriate showing. The library that we have here was put to the books to make an appropriate showing. gether in various ways—some being books about Washington, others copies, as near as could be found, of the editions which he owned, and others old publications which serve to indicate the library collections of his time."

The institution in which the books are deposited, the solemn and dignified Athe-naeum library, which is notable, even in a city that contains the most magnificent public library structure in the world, is in itself an object of some mystery to the mass of those who daily pass its somber paladio-fashioned front.

In the Alcove.

After ascending two high stairways, and noting on the way Stuart's original painting of Washington, the visitor, somewhat breathless between his climbing and his sense of temerity, asks:

"Can I see the Washington library?" After the impression caused by the unsual request has passed he is led by an usual request has passed he is led by an attendant up more sets of narrow iron staircases, under low alcoves and along whole catacombs of literature ranging through all the degrees of antique death and modern vitality, until a side door is unlocked for him and he passes immediately under a stately mahogany archway which is formed by the two wings and connecting head pieces of the case designed to hold the books of Washington. A glance around the apartment shows that it is devoted to valuable books and A glance around the apartment shows that it is devoted to valuable books and works of art which are here carefully locked and vigilantly watched.

But the prime impression is made when

the visitors look up at the life size bust of Washington over the case at the entrance, and then scan beneath it the very books that were possessed and were the intellectual stores for the father of his country. As was remarked by the committee of presentation: "There can be few relics of more interest than the books that has been in his hands and which are marked been in his hands and which are marked in his hands and which are marked

by his handwriting." by his handwriting."

Before there is an opportunity to unlock the case doors and to handle the rows of Washington's books that were handled by him more than a hundred years ago, it is well to note the circumstances under which they came into the passession of this library.

stances under which they came into the possession of this library.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors in January, 1849, the librarian, referring to the books that had been donated to the library during the year preceding, said:

"First in importance is a collection of books which formerly belonged to Wash-

"First in importance is a collection of books which formerly belonged to Washington. Seventy gentlemen of Boston, Cambridge and Salem, by a subscription of \$50 each, amounting to nearly \$4,000, have secured to the Athenaeum this treasure. The light in which they regard it, and the motives which animated them, will best appear from their own words: "The greater number of these books, they say, 'contain Washington's autograph. All which are so distinguished, and next after them, those which were presentation copies to him, and next to them, those which contain his bookplate, or can in any other way be proved to have been in his possession, would be regarded, even in Europe, as curiosities of great interest and value, and would command prices which value, and would command prices which might seem incredible to one unacquainted might seem incredible to one unacquainted with the sums given for objects associated with the memory of distinguished men."

"But by an American the collection should be differently esteemed. To no country has its history left so valuable a legacy as we have inherited in the character of Washington. Of such a man all the relics should be venerated; and there

the relics should be venerated; and there can be few of more interest than the books which have been in his hands and which are marked by his handwriting."" How the Library Was Purchased. In view of these words from the distin guished and public-spirited donors it seems astonishing that the whole Washington

library could have been secured for so moderate a sum. Certainly if the were made at the present day, that sum would have been deemed little enough for some single volumes which it contains, if its possessors could be induced to part with them at all.

In 1896 a little book was published in London, entitled "Recollections of James Lenox," the founder of the Lenox Library of New York. It was written by Henry Stevens, the bibliographer and lover of books, so the little page reads, who for many years has lived in London collecting rare books, particularly American, both for American and foreign buyers. It was he who got possession of the Washington library, and who sold it to the seventy benefactors of the Athenaeum.

The account of the transactions differs somewhat from the official report.

"In 1848," he writes, "I bought Washington's library, about 3,000 volumes, for \$3,000 to secure possession of about 800

tcn's library, about 3,000 volumes, for \$3,000 to secure possession of about 800 volumes with the autograph of the father of his country on the title page, together with rome rarities, for Mr. Lenox, and many acts and miscellaneous American books for the British Museum.

books for the British Museum.

"Mr. Lenox declined the books with autographs, and, there being a great hue and cry raised in Boston against my sending them out of the country, I sold the collection to a parcel of Bostonians for \$5,000, but, after passing that old Boston hat around for two or three months for \$50 subscriptions, only \$3,200 could be raised, and, therefore, as I had used a few hundred dollars of the money advanced to me by the promoters, and was in a tight place, I was compelled to subscribe the rest myself to make up the amount."

There are 384 volumes in all, according to

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

| Baking | Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

the records kept by the librarian. The 3,000 volumes which Mr. Stevens said that he bought were not all from Washington's library, but had very many of them been collected by Bushrod Washington, his nephew, to whom were bequeathed Mount Vernon, the mansion and its furnishings and 400 acres of land, after the death of Martha Washington.

Besides the books owned by Washington the Athenaeum contains one of the finest collections in the country of portraits, manuscript and books about Washington.

The original interest of the books has not been departed frem by rebinding, as they are all in the covers which they had when in Washington's hands, a dignified and durable brown calf binding.

Augustine Washington's Autograph.

Augustine Washington's Autograph A peculiar suggestiveness attaches to the seven books which were in the Washington household during his whole life time, as they belonged to his father, Augustine as they belonged to his father, Augustine Washington, whose autograph they contain. One of them is of special interest, and is kept in a glass case by itself. It is a discussion of the book of Common Prayer, printed in London in 1712. The first fly leaf contains the autographs of Augustine, of Washington's mother, Mary, and of George Washington.

The last, written as a note in old-fashioned handwriting, informs us when he was thirteen years of age. Even more interest-

ioned handwriting, informs us when he was thirteen years of age. Even more interesting is the name of "Mary Washington," his mother, written by the young Washington just above his own signature. It is impossible to recognize in this small, neat handwriting, with its high, elaborate capitals, any resemblance to the bold, sloping autograph with which we are so familiar in fac-simile. Between the two in appearance is an autograph made when he miliar in fac-simile. Between the two in appearance is an autograph made when he was ten years of age. It is in a work entitled "A Compleat History of the Piratical States of Barbary," published in London, 1750. The writing is here very similar to that generally known, except that the "G" is run into the "W" in an extra loop.

Another book which was early in the library of Washington was "The Royal English Grammar, containing what is necessary to a knowledge of the English ecessary to a knowledge of the English

The earliest autograph of Washington known to exist was written when he was about sine years of age. It is in a volume of sermons by some forgotten English

of sermons by some forgotten English bishop.
George C. Washington, a grand nephew of the President, wrote a note on the flyleaf of this book which reads: "This autograph of Gen. Washington is believed to be the earliest specimen of his handwriting, written when he was probably eight or nine years old."

Among the books are to be found some showing that like other boys he had a taste for scenes of adventure and military escapades, somewhat corresponding to the penchant which dime-novel reading youths have shown in our day with reference to

have shown in our day with reference to campaigns among the Indians. A volume which boys would read with avidity is "An-son's Voyage Around the World." Valuable Books.

An odd illustration of his father's readiness to give his autograph is seen in the book entitled "A Compleat View of the British Customs," in which we find the name "Augustine Washington," written three times, to which is added the informa-

tion, "This book, bought ye 4th of May, 1737, of ye buckseller under ye royal exchange, cost seven shillings."

A work which is particularly valuable, as Washington put his autograph on twenty-one of its volumes, and on five of them inscribed "Martha Washington, 1890," is a work entitled "Annals of Agriculture and other Useful Arts", by Arthur Young It. work entitled "Annais of Agriculture and other Useful Arts," by Arthur Young. It bears an inscription "To General Washington, in testimony of the veneration I feel for so great and good a character." It is to be remarked that Washington's interest in agriculture is seen in a very marked degree in the proportion of his volumes devoted to agriculture and kindred subjects.

Many of the books contain Washington's own book plate, pasted on the inside of the first cover. The design is the Washington arms, an irregular white shield, surrounded by an ornamental border and crossed by two broad lateral bands, near which are a crown, on which a dove is resting. Below the arms is the name "George Washington" in engraved script.

ton" in engraved script.

A very suggestive and appropriate motto, in the light of Washington's career, is that which is on each of these shields, "Existus acta probat."

A volume foreshadowing the use of steam for navigation is among the books giving a side light on the times. In this the author states that Washington had witnessed one of his experiments and had given his cerof his experiments and had given his cer-tificate of the boat's efficacy. There is a reminder of the stage in a small collection of comic operas and plays in which is in-scribed "John Augo Washington's Musick Book, 1775." This was Washington's young-

The Voice at Buzzard's Bay. From the Nebraska State Journal. Once, at Buzzatd's Bay, while fishing, I sat musing, wondering, wishing That the presidential mansion
I could hold till life was o'er;
As I pondered on the matter,
Suddenly I heard a clatter,
An interminable chatter,
From the sloping, pebbly shere.
"Same intruder!" then I muttered,
"Wants official bread, well buttered;
Some intolerable bore,
Seeking office, nothing more."

As I sat in deep reflection.
Thinking of the next election,
I experienced such dejection
As I neer felt before:
Turning, I beheld a lowly
Buzzard, walking slowly
Up and down the gravel floory
On my Tribbies proudly standing,
Spoke I then in voice commandings
Tell me tuly, as a prophet,
What for me it has in store,
What for me it has in store,

"In convention consequential,
In the campaign presidential,
Will my efforts be potential,
And my power influential,
To secure the place once more.
Bird of death! O bird of evil,
Traversing the sandy level,
Be thou angel or grim devil,
Soothe my spirit, sad and sore;
Will again this noble nation
Call me to that honored station?"
Quoth the buzzard, "Nevermore!"

Economical.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Brown-"I understand your wife is great saver, especially on little things?"

Jones—"You bet she is. Why, if she can
get a ten-cent article that will last her a

buys a quarter's worth in order to say An Excusable Error. From Fliegende Blatter.

ifetime, at three for a quarter, she always



"Here, my young friend, give me a little



A SECTARIAN MULE.

A Mountain Animal That Had Prej-As I jogged along the sandy banks of the Poor Feek of the Cumberland river, letting my horse take its own head, I caught up with a mountaineer on a mule,

also taking his time for it, says a Star writer. "Good morning," says I; "it's a fine morning for riding."

"Mighty," says he, "ef y'ain't ridin' "I don't know about that; some of the ples santest rides I've had in the mountain

have been muleback."
"That's caze yer didn't have to ride one only when yer wanted ter. Ef yer do it from needcessity hit's different." from needcessity hit's different.
"That one you're on seems to be a pretty

"That one you're on seems to be a pretty good one."

"Bout ez good ez a mule ever gits to be, I reckon," he said, in a tore indicating his lack of faith in the mule.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's got his notions."

"What are they? Notions to kick the top reli off of the fence?"

"No; he ain't much of a kicker; he kinder 'peers to have a satisfied sort uv mind, and takes, things purty much as they or me."

'peers to have a satisfied sort uv mind, and takes, things purty much as they come."

"Then what alls him?!

"Well, I want to git over on t'other side uv the Fork, and I can't tell I git up here about two miles whar thar's a boat, so's I kin ride over in that."

"Why don't you ride him over?"

"That's what I don't like about him."

"Why?"

"He's a Babtis' mule an' I'm a Meth'dis'."

This was a poser, and quite beyond my scope of comprehension. I had heard of religious prejudices, but they had never gone so far as to affect any other animal than man.

"You will have to explain that point," gays I. "It's too far over for me."

"Well, hit's this a-way," he said, with a short laugh. "Yer see, I got this critter frum a Babtis' preacher that had raised him frum a colt, and had rid him fer seven ye'rs on circuit, an' wouldn't a parted with him fer no price, only he wus goin't to Mizzoury an' couldn't take the mule along. He was a power to work, an' the preacher usened ter help out his wages lettin' the mule ter people when he wuzn't ridin' him. That's how I come to git him. Well, the preacher never said nothin' an' I never oxed nothin', an' the fust Sunday atter I got him I rid off to the Meth'dis' meetin', never thinkin' nothin'. About a mile frum the meetin' house I had to ford the Fork, an' the water wuz purty deep that mornin', but the mule knowed the way, an' I jis' let him have his head. An', by gum, he done hit, fer when he got to the deepest place he stopped squar in the crick, tucked his head, h'isted his heels an' sent me kittin' over his years inter the water war had not his and the cone hit for his pears inter the water war had not hit and the cone hit for his heels an' sent me kittin' over his years inter the water war had not his heels an' sent me kittin' over his years inter the water war had not his heels an' sent me kittin' over his years inter the water war had not his heels an' sent me kittin' over his years inter the water war his head, h'is ted deepe et hit was a hout his head his heel an' had to sent me kitin' over his years inter the water whar hit wuz four feet deep ef hit wuz a irch, an' soused me clean outen sight."

"Did he run away?" I asked, as the nountsincer paused a moment to think

over it.
"Nary a run," he said. "When I come up "Nary a run," he said. "When I come up, sneezin' an' a-snortin', he wuz waitin' thar fer me as quiet ez yer gran'mammy, an' I got on an' rid out. Yer see," he concluded, "the dern mule knowed I wuz a Meth'dis', an' ez he wuz a Babtis', born an' raised, he jis' run his doctrine in onter me an' soused me all over when he had the chance. He's too good a mule to kill, an' of he ever does that ag'in I'll kill him shore. So's not to give him no temptation, I never try no more fordin' with him."

THE CASE OF WAGNER.

Called a Typical Decadent and the Writer of Morbid Music. Friedrich Nietzsche in the Fortnightly Review.

The service for which Wagner is indebted to Schopenhaur is immense. There first did

the philosopher of the decadence give himself to the artist of the decadence. To the artist of the decadence-that is the word. And it is here that my seriousness commences. I am not at all inclined to be a quiet spectator, when this decadent ruins our health-and music along with it. Is Wagner a man at all? Is he not rather a disease? He makes everything morbid which he touches—he has made music mor-

bid.

A typical decadent, who feels himself necessary with his corrupt taste, who claims that it is a higher taste, who knows how to assert his deprayity as a law, as

how to assert his depravity as a law, as progress, as fulfillment.

And nobody defends himself. Wagner's power of seduction becomes prodigious, the smoke of incerse steams around him, that misunderstanding about him calls itself "Gospei"—it is by no means the poor in spirit exclusively whom he has convinced. I should like to open the windows a little, Air! More air!

It does not surprise me that people deceive themselves about Wagner in Ger-

It does not surprise me that people deceive themselves about Wagner in Germany. The contrary would surprise me. The Germans have created for themselves a Wagner whom they can worship; they have never been psychologists, they are thankful they misunderstand. But that people also deceive themselves about Wagner in Paris! where people are almost nothing else but psychologists. And in St. Petersburg' where things are still divined which are not divined even in Paris. How intimately related to the entire European decadence must Wagner be, when he is not recognized by it as a decadent. He belongs to it; he is its Protagonist, its greatest name.

belongs to it: he is its Protagonist, its greatest name.

People honor themselves when they exalt him to the skies. For no one to defend himself against Wagner is already a sign of decadence. Instinct is weakened. What should be shunned attracts people. That which drives still faster into the abyss is put to the lips, You want an example? One need only observe the regime which the anaemic, the gouty and the diabetic prescribe for themselves. Definition of the vegetarian: A being who needs a strengthening diet. To recognize what is hurtful, as hurtful, to be able to deny oneself what is hurtful is a sign of youth and vitality, The exhausted is allured by what is hurtful; the vegetarian by his potherbs. Disful; the vegetarian by his potherbs. Dis-ease itself may be a stimulus to life, only a person must be sound enough for such a stimulus! Wagner increases the exhaus-tion; it is on that account that he allures the weak and exhausted. Oh, the rattle-snake joy of the old master, when he al-ways saw just "the little children" come to him.

ways saw just "the little children" come to him.

I give prominence to this point of view. Wagner's art is morbid. The problems which he brings upon the stage—nothing but problems of hysterics—the convulsiveness of his emotion, his over-excited sensibility, his taste, which always asked for stronger stimulants, his instability, which he disguised as principles, and, not least, the choice of his heroes and heromes regarded as physiological types (a gallery of morbid individuals!). Altogether these symptoms represent a picture of disease about which individuals'). Altogether these symptoms represent a picture of disease about which there can be no mistake. Wagner est un

It Was No Joke to the Barber.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. A Lewiston barber was surprised one day last week to find that the air had been let out of his bicycle in front of his very shop. Naturally, he took it up to the nearest bicycle store and asked them to slow it up. Now, the truth was, this bicycle dealer Now, the truth was, this bicycle dealer wanted his hair cut, and didn't want to pay for it, and so he went down and let the air out of the wheel when the owner wasn't looking. "I'll blow it up for a hair cut," said he, "All right, come down," said the barber. The hair on one side was cut, when by some means the joke became clear to the barber, and he laid down his scissors and demanded the quarter. "Well, I guess not!" "Then you can go," said the I guess not!" "Then you can go," said the barber. The wheel dealer looked at his head in the glass and sighed as he found the sliver piece in his pocket.

A Matter of Inheritance. From the Chicago Tribune.

Tommy (inspecting himself in the looking glass)-"Papa, there's a little mole on the right side of my nose just like the one Uncle Scadds has on the right side of his nose. I must have got that from him."

Tommy's Father (with some bitterness)—
"If you did you're the only relative he has
that ever got anything from him."